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WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

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VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1900.

NO. 47.

THE CITIZEN

Published at the office of
THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.
Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail-matter.

IDEAS.

A big reward breeds false witness.
The best preacher is the man who makes us love our neighbors.
The successful fisherman knows what it is to have his lines cast in pleasant places.
The man who is anxious to acquire knowledge is never ashamed to confess his ignorance.

Foreign News.

There has been a law passed prohibiting the shipping of South American cattle to Glasgow, Scotland.
Three days of festivities have been held in Berlin on account of the Crown Prince of Germany coming of age.
The Vet river has been crossed by the British after a fierce battle with a large force of the Boers. Not a single soldier of the British troops was lost.
There is no sign of abatement in the awful suffering in stricken India. Over 93,000,000 are effected. The famine exceeds any yet known in the devastated country.

National News.

Congress will be adjourned not later than the middle of June.
Senator Hill of New York, died Friday morning after a long illness.
There was an awful mine disaster in Utah last week when 250 men were killed.
Several tornadoes did a good deal of damage in Central Kansas on Sunday afternoon.
It is said that Cincinnati is threatened with a coal famine, the supply on hand is less than for thirty years.
One third of another Texas town (Garga) has been destroyed by a tornado. No persons seriously hurt.
Hon. Wm. C. Endicott, former Secretary of War died of pneumonia Sunday afternoon at his home in Boston. Mr. Endicott was seventy-three years of age.
A member of Gen. Funston's staff captured Gen. Panleton Garcia, the highest officer in the Philippine insurgent army except Aguinaldo. Gen. Funston has been trying for some time to do this.
In Montgomery, Ala. a conference for the promotion of the study of Race conditions and problems in the South, is to be held from May 8th to the 11th. This gathering will be of interest not only to the South, but to the entire country.

Kentucky News.

There was a heavy frost in Garrard county Thursday night.
Property to the amount of \$12,000 was destroyed by fire at Mt. Sterling last week.
In the near future there is to be a large Confederate veteran reunion held in Louisville.
The secretaries of Gov. W. S. Taylor were called to the witness stand on Saturday to witness concerning the Goebel case.
W. S. Taylor left Sunday night for Washington, D. C. He went in response to a telegram from the national capitol.
Mormon Elders were about Richmond last week. They asked to speak at the court house but were refused outright.
Morton Owens, of Livingston, Ky., aged 18 years, fell under a freight train while attempting to board it, and died from the effects of the accident Saturday morning.
The Louisville & Atlantic R. R. will sell round trip tickets to Versailles during the C. E. Convention, May 11-13th at the rate of one and one-third fare.
Report from London has it that the White-Howard Baker feudists of Clay county have negotiated a peace between themselves, and all indictments arising from little pleasantries of the feudists are to be dismissed.

Locals and Personals.

Aunt Lee Million has a new fence in front of her residence.
Much tan-bark is being delivered at the railroad here.
John Chapin went to Cincinnati Monday to have his eyes treated.
Dr. E. B. McCoy was called to Greensburg, Ind. last week by the serious illness of his mother.
Miss Merica Haley, now of Mt. Vernon, was visiting friends in our city last week.
An interesting story will be continued through the School Department for a few weeks.
Members of Phi Delta and Alpha Zeta literary societies are wearing new society pins.
W. H. Webster visited his daughter at Beattyville last week. He will leave Berea for Webster, N. Y., this week.

Miss J. A. Robinson exhibited a fine collection of homespun and products of fireside industries at the Lexington Industrial Fair last and this week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Mann left last Monday for the home of Mr. Mann's parents at Lyndenville, Ohio, where they will make their home.
Schuler and Edward Best, and Ernest and Sidney Diggs left the first of last week for Brassfield, Ohio, where they have secured positions on some public works.

Misses Mary Merritt and Maggie Jones gave a birthday supper at the home of Mrs. Hoffman, on Center street, last week. Refreshments were served after which many games were played.

Mr. C. B. Moore and Miss Nannie Reynolds, both of Eversole, were united in marriage at the home of Saul Bagley, of this city, last Friday night, by Rev. R. E. Smith. The couple left for Eversole Saturday.

Much carelessness has been shown by starting fires in the timber land near Berea and through the mountains as they have not only destroyed much young and valuable timber but much fencing and other property.

Last Thursday was an unfortunate day at J. Burdette's planing and saw mill, as one man got his foot severely bruised, and one of the large belts was badly torn, which caused considerable trouble and delay.

Examinations for certificates to teach in the county schools will be held, for white teachers, the third Friday and Saturday of May, June, July, and August; for colored teachers, the fourth Friday and Saturday of the same months.

There has come to our office a combination match box and striker issued from the office of E. G. Siggers, one of the leading patent lawyers of Washington, D. C. Inventors can procure samples of the same by writing him at once. His ad appears in this paper.

Unless a woman eats sufficient nourishing food she can neither gain nor keep a good complexion. Food when digested, is the base of all health, all strength, and all beauty. Herbine will help digest what you eat and give you the clear, bright, beautiful skin of health. Price 50 and 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

William Fugat, who moved to Berea several weeks ago from the College farm at Gum Sulphur, is starting quite a fruit and vegetable farm on the Johnston place to the south of Ladies' Hall. He will have many strawberries and potatoes for customers and shipment as the season opens.

The third annual May Music Festival, will take place in Louisville, May 14, 15, and 16. There will be three evening concerts, and matinees will be given Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. A one-fare rate having been secured on all the railroads in Kentucky, the Festival offers the best possible opportunity for all wishing to visit the city this spring. Season tickets are only \$7 for the best seats in the house. Single tickets \$2.50 to 50 cents to hear Sembrick and Nordica, the great stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Miss Lenora Jackson, the world's famous violinist.

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At the
Printing-office.

Clarence Williams, De White, and Ben Rice left the first of last week, for Ulen, Ill. where they will work on the rock quarry.

The concert given by the Ladies' and Men's Glee Clubs last Tuesday night was very well attended and a good program, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, was given. The Men's club sang several old familiar songs which were greatly enjoyed. We need more such entertainments here, and the Glee Clubs have made such a good start we hope they will keep it up. The receipts were given towards the Pearsons' endowment.

Dr. L. A. Davis received a letter from C. C. Logston last week, written at Pagsaugham, P. I., and dated March 27th, which contains notes of interest to our readers. Companies E and H of the 37th regiment have encountered the natives several times recently. February 25th twenty men from each company encountered the insurgents, who fled after a thirty minutes' contest. In crossing a river to return to camp Corporal Hendrickson fell into the water and was drowned. On the 2nd of March detachments were sent out again to search for the natives. They were fired upon by the insurgents from intrenchments, but after an hour and a half's fighting the insurgents were forced to evacuate. The loss of the insurgents in the two battles is estimated at twenty killed. A. M. Donce, of Co. E, was wounded in the thigh, and Jack Mobly, who enlisted at Berea last August, was grazed across the foot.

Copeland Lecture.

Prof. Dodge's effort to secure a good audience for Col. Copeland last Saturday night was a success and all feel grateful to the Profess for such a rare treat. Though the address lasted most two hours the speaker had the attention and interest of the audience to the close. The lecture was not only full of interest and amusement, but the deep and solid facts gained from extensive travel, observation, and study were presented in such a skillful and thoughtful arrangement that the speaker clearly established his argument, which was, that the United States is the only nation that possesses or ever did possess, all the conditions and necessities for a permanent government. We should not only congratulate ourselves on hearing such a choice lecture, but feel grateful to Prof. Dodge, who has shown much ability and liberality in placing such a lecture course before us this past season, and give him encouragement in the coming season.

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THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HEREA. KENTUCKY

MAY—1900.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
...	...	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31

For the year 1899 there were 130,636 births in Scotland and 79,348 deaths.

In a new airship, designed by a Haytian, a series of fans are mounted in a car partially supported by a gas balloon, the fans being used to drive air through adjustable pipes, which are adapted to turn toward any point to move the ship in the opposite direction.

In at least one respect Gen. Cronje the new Napoleon at St. Helena, will be better off than the one whose fortune was finally overthrown at Waterloo. The island has just been connected by cable with England and the Cape, so that the exiled Boer leader may keep in touch with current events.

A modern railway mail car, equipped with the latest contrivances, such as vestibules, automatic couplers, air-brakes, etc., costs between \$5,000 and \$6,000. The government pays for the use of railway mail cars at the rate of \$40 a year for a 50-foot car per track mile, and \$50 per year per track mile for a 60-foot car.

The monster telescope at the Paris exposition which will bring the moon within thirty-six miles, is three times the length of the largest of its predecessors, the Yerkes telescope at Chicago. It is 197 feet long, 5 feet in diameter, and weighs 21 tons. The lenses, the largest in existence, measure over 49 inches in diameter and weigh 1,320 pounds.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, who will go to St. Petersburg in the early summer as the diplomatic representative of his country, is having built in New York, along lines planned by himself, a gorgeous automobile. It will be of the phaeton type. The body will be painted a brilliant, oriental yellow, and the velvet upholstery will be of the same hue. It will seat four persons.

Within the next six months Chicago hopes to bury thirty miles of overhead telephone, telegraph and electric light circuits, at an estimated cost of half a million dollars. At from 100 to 180 separate wires are on the lines of poles which are to be removed, the total length of wire actually put underground will exceed 4,500 miles. There are now about 500 miles of pole lines in the city limits, carrying approximately 100,000 miles of separate wires.

Judge McVaine, of Pittsburgh, has roused consternation among lawyers in that city by declining to allow fees for two lawyers in the settlement of an estate where only the services of one were required. He also ruled that a lawyer who has rendered professional services for an executor or administrator is not a creditor of the estate. The claims of the two attorneys in the case at issue aggregated \$2,100 and the court sealed the fees down to \$300.

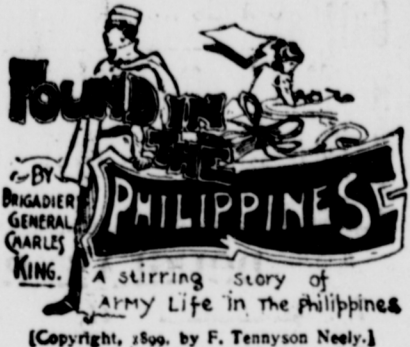
Col. Daniel S. Lamont and William C. Whitney, each at one time prominent in national affairs, declare that they are no longer in politics, though most people give them credit for still wielding great influence. Not so with J. T. Sloat Fassett, also of New York state, and some time ago a republican leader. As he himself says: "I have been politically dead as a mackerel for eight years," meaning since his defeat for governor by the late Roswell P. Flower.

The cocoanut, commercially speaking, may be all used, or a good deal of it may be wasted. But ingenious manufacturers have learned that the hard hull has many uses. It can be ground fine and used to adulterate brown sugar. It may not add any to the sweetness of the sugar, but it adds to the weight and is entirely harmless. It may be ground a little coarser, and is of use to make coffee weigh more. The hulls may be ground very fine mixed with a special glue, submitted to hydraulic pressure, and become very valuable to German manufacturers for heels of shoes.

Thirty-four state legislatures have asked congress to propose an amendment to the constitution making the senatorial office elective by the people. There would be no difficulty in getting a ratification of such an amendment by the states. The stumbling block is the senate, composed of senators who owe their seats to the present system and who are not sure of their ability to hold their seats under popular election. The feeling against the abuses of the present system is strong and growing much stronger.

SONG OF THE PLODDER.

God gave my rival gifts that I
Alas, must do without!
On wings of genius he may fly.
While I must plod about:
The ends for which I toil so long
He might with ease achieve.
But there are cravings that are strong
And ways men cannot leave.
Beside his talents mine are poor:
While he might soar, my way
Must always be the slow and sure
That leads on day by day:
He might outstrip me if he would
And win the prize I crave.
"But wine and idleness are good,
And toil's a sober knave."
God gave him gifts that I have not:
That which in patient ways
And years of toiling I have wrought
He might have done in days!
I may achieve no sudden height,
Nor win swift glory here—
But I can curb my appetite,
And I can persevere.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



A stirring story of
Army Life in the Philippines
(Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.)

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Late that afternoon, just after the various trunks and boxes of the Frosts that were to go by the transport were packed and ready, and Mrs. Frost, looking stronger at last, though still fragile, almost ethereal, was returning from a drive with one of her friends, the attention of the two ladies was drawn to a crowd gathering rapidly on the sidewalk not far from the Baldwin hotel. There was no shouting, no commotion, nothing but the idle curiosity of men and boys, for a young soldier, a handsome, slender, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned fellow of 21 or 22, had been arrested by a patrol and there he stood, the sergeant and his two soldiers fully armed and equipped, the hapless captive with his arms half filled with bundles, and over the heads of the little throng the ladies could see that he was pleading earnestly with his captors, and that the sergeant, though looking sympathetic and far from unkind, was shaking his head. Mrs. Frost, listless and a little fatigued, had witnessed too many such scenes in former days of garrison life to take any interest in the proceeding. "How stupid these people are!" she irritably exclaimed; "running like mad and blocking the streets to see a soldier arrested for absence from camp without a pass. Shan't we drive on?"

"Oh—just one moment, please, Mrs. Frost. He has such a nice face—a gentleman's face, and he seems so troubled. Do look at it!"

Languidly and with something very like a pout, Mrs. Frost turned her face again toward the sidewalk, but by this time the sergeant had linked an arm in that of the young soldier and had led him a pace or two away, so that his back was now toward the carriage. He was still pleading, and the crowd had begun to back him up, and was expostulating, too.

"Awe, take him where he says, sergeant, and let him prove it."
"Don't be hard on him, man. If he's taking care of a sick friend, give him a chance."

Then the sergeant tried to explain matters. "I can't help myself, gentlemen," said he; "orders are orders, and mine are to find this recruit and fetch him back to camp. He's two days over time now."

"Oh, I wish I knew what it meant!" anxiously exclaimed Mrs. Frost's companion. "I'm sure he needs help. Then with sudden joy in her eyes: "Oh, good! There goes Col. Crosby. He'll see what's amiss," and as she spoke a tall man in the fatigue uniform of an officer of infantry shouldered his way through the crowd, and reached the blue-coated quartette in the center. Up went the hands to the shouldered rifles in salute, and the young soldier, the cause of the gathering which the police were now trying to disperse, whirled quickly, and with something suspiciously like tears in his fine dark eyes, was seen to be eagerly speaking to the veteran officer. There was a brief colloquy, and then the colonel said something to the sergeant at which the crowd set up a cheer. The sergeant looked pleased, the young soldier most grateful, and away went the four along the sidewalk, many of the throng following.

And then the colonel caught sight of the ladies in the carriage, saw that one was signaling eagerly, and heard his name called. Hastening to their side, he raised his cap and smiled a cordial greeting.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, colonel. We are so interested in that young soldier. Do tell us what it all means. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Frost. I surely thought you had met Col. Crosby—let me pre— Why, Nita! What's— Are you ill? Here, take my salts, quick!"

"No—no—go on—I—I want to hear! Where are they taking him?" faintly murmured Mrs. Frost.

"Try to control yourself," said her companion. "I'll tell you in one moment." Meantime from without the carriage the colonel continued, addressing Nita's companion:

"He tells a perfectly straight story. He says he has an old friend who's so desperately ill and out of money—that he got a doctor for him and had been nursing him himself. Those things he carried are medicines and wine that the doctor bade him buy. All he asks is to take them to his friend's room and get a nurse, then he is ready to go to camp and stand for his trial, so I told the sergeant I'd be responsible."

"Oh, thank you so much! Do see that he poor fellow isn't punished. We'll

drive right round. Perhaps we can do something. It is Red Cross business, you know. Good afternoon, colonel. Please tell our driver to follow them."

But, to her consternation, no sooner had they started than she felt Nita's trembling hand grasping her wrist, and turning quickly saw that she was in an almost hysterical condition.

"My poor child, I had forgotten you were so worn out. I'll take you home at once—but then we'll miss them entirely. Oh, could you bear—"

"Oh! No! No!" moaned Nita, wringing her little hands. "Take me—anywhere. No! Take me home—take me home! and promise me not to—not to tell my husband what we saw."

CHAPTER XI.

For a man ordinarily absorbed in his own command, Col. Stanley Armstrong had become all on a sudden deeply engrossed in that of Col. Canker. The Frosts had been gone a week via Vancouver—the expedition only about 16 hours—when he appeared at Gordon's tent and frankly asked to be told all that tall southerner knew of the young soldier Morton, now gone from camp for the third, and, as Armstrong believed, the last time.

"Why, that young fella's a bawn gentleman," drawled Gordon, as he offered the colonel a chair and cigar. "He was behaving' tip top, steady as you please, until about a month ago. He's only been with us since 1st of May—came with a big batch of recruits—a regular athlete, you know. Then after he'd drilled awhile I nailed him for headquarters clerk. I never knew him to be off an hour until about four weeks ago. The men say another young fella came out here one night, had a talk with Morton, and they went out together. He got regular permission. Nobody has set eyes on his friend out here since that time, but Morton got three passes to town in ten days, and Squeers happened to want him, and gave orders he should have to be consulted hereafter. 'Bout a fortnight since, by Jove, Morton lit out suddenly and was gone 48 hours and was brought back by a patrol, perfectly straight, and he said he had to go on account of a friend who had been taken very ill and was a stranger here. Squeers let him off with a warning, and inside of three days he begged for a 24-hour pass, and Squeers wouldn't give it. He went without it, by George!"

It was just about the time the Prime family arrived, looking up the boy they heard was in your regiment. This time there was big trouble. The patrol sent for him went directly to the lodgings of his sick friend, and there they found him and he laid out two of our best men for forcing a way into the room. They told me your carriage nearly ran over him the day of the review. Then came that dam fool charge about his being mixed up in this robbery. Then his escape from under Billy Gray's nose, by Gawge, and that's the last of him. Canker sent a party in to look him up at the usual place, and both birds had flown, both, by Gawge! The sick man was well enough to be driven off in a carriage, and there's nothing further to tell as yet."

"I wish I had known about him earlier—before the Primes came," said Armstrong thoughtfully, knocking the ashes of his cigar. "Of course you divine my theory?"

"That Morton is the missing son and heir? Of course. Now that I've seen Miss Prime the family resemblance is strong. But if he wanted to soldier, what's to prevent? Those tents yawned are full of youngsters better educated than I am," and Gordon arose, tangling a long, lean leg in the nearest camp stool, which he promptly kicked through the doorway into the sailing fog outside. It was barely 11 o'clock, but already the raw, wet wind was whistling in over the barren, sandy slopes and dunes, and the moisture dripped in big drops from the sloped rifles of the men marching sturdily in from drill.

"Yawnduh comes the Prime carriage now, by Gawge," continued the adjutant, as he limped to the entrance. "Ole man seems all broke up, don't he?" Armstrong had promptly risen and came striding to his comrade's side.

"Naturally," was the answer. "He had hoped much from this visit. The boy was just under 21 when he enlisted, and, as his father's consent was lacking, a discharge could have been ordered. It may have been fear of that that drove the youngster off. Where is the carriage—and your glasses?" continued the colonel, looking about until he found a binocular.

"Comin' right down the road back of the officers' tents. Reckon it's another visit of condolence to Gray. You know I shouldn't wonder if his arrest of his didn't prove a blessing in disguise for that lucky boy."

No reply coming to this observation, Gordon glanced over his shoulder. Armstrong was replacing the glasses. Again the adjutant hazarded:

"I—I was saying this arrest may be, after all, the biggest kind of blessing in disguise for that lucky Billy. Yes, by Jove! They're comin' to his tent. That's a splendid girl, ole man."

"Miss—Prime, you mean?" calmly queried Armstrong, striking match after match in the effort to light a fresh cigar, his face averted.

"Miss Prime I don't mean," answered Gordon, glancing curiously at the senior officer. "Not but that she's a most charming young lady and all that," he hurriedly interpolated, southern chivalry asserting itself. Then with a twitch about the lip: "By the way, ole man, those cigars light better from the other end. Take a fresh one."

Armstrong quickly withdrew the ill-used weed from between his strong, white teeth, gave it one glance and a toss into the waste basket.

"No, I've smoked enough. But how can they see him? How about that sentry over Gray's tent?"

"Huh! Chief made them take it off directly he heard of it," grinned Gordon. "Moses! But didn't Squeers blaspheme!" And the adjutant threw his head back and laughed joyously over the retrospect. "Yes, there's that curly-headed pate of Billy's at the tent door now. Reckon he was expectin' 'em. There they are, ole Prime, too. Don't be in a hurry, colonel."

They had known each other years, these two, and it had been "Armstrong" and "Gordon" when they addressed each other, or "ole man" when Gordon lapsed into the semi-affectionate. To the adjutant's southern sense of military propriety "ole man" was still possible. "Armstrong" would be a soldierly solecism.

"I am to see the general before noon," said Armstrong, gravely, "and it's time I started. If you should hear of your runaway let me know. If you shouldn't, keep our views to yourself. There's no use in rousing false hopes." With that Armstrong turned up the collar of his overcoat and lunged out into the mist.

Gordon watched him as he strode away, the orderly following at the conventional distance. The shortest way to general headquarters was up the row of company officers' tents in front of the still incarcerated Billy; the longest was round back of the mess tent and kitchen. Armstrong took the latter.

That escape of prisoners was still the talk of camp. Men had come by battalions to see the tunnel, observing which Canker promptly ordered it closed up. Opinion was universal that Canker should have released the officers and men he had placed under arrest at once, but he didn't. In his bottled wrath he hung on to them until the brigade commander took a hand and ordered it. Canker grumblingly obeyed so far as the sergeant and sentries were concerned, but entered stout protest as to Gray.

"I still hold that officer as having knowledge of the scheme and aiding and abetting. I can prove that he telephoned for that carriage," he said.

"At least there's nothing to warrant the posting of that sentry at Mr. Gray's tent, Col. Canker," said the brigadier, with some asperity. "Order him off at once. That's all for to-day, sir," and the man with the starred shoulders "held over" him with the silver leaves. The latter could only obey—and ob-jurgate.

But Canker's knuckles came in for another rasping within the hour. The brigadier being done with him, the division commander's compliments came over per order, and would the colonel please step to the general's tent. Canker was fuming to get to town. He was possessed with insane desire to follow up that boarding house clew. He believed the landlady could be bullied into telling where her boarder was taken, and what manner of man (or woman) he was. But down he had to go, three blocks of camp, to where the tents of division headquarters were pitched, and there sat the veteran commander, suave and placid as ever.

"Ah, colonel, touching that matter of the robbery of your commissary stores. Suspicion points very strongly to your Sergt. Foley. Do you think it wise to have no sentry over him?"

"Why—general," said Canker, "I've known that man 15 years—in fact, I got him ordered to duty here," and the colonel bristled.

"Well—pardon me, colonel, but you heard the evidence against him last night, or at least heard of it. Don't you consider that conclusive?"

Canker cleared his throat and considered as suggested.

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and besides, general"—a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that as commissary sergeant he is not under my command."

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I dislike very much to inflict such indignity on deserving soldiers, general," said Canker, stumbling into a self-made trap. "Until their guilt is established they are innocent under the law."

"Apparently you apply a different rule in case of officers," calmly responded the general, "vide Mr. Gray. No further words are necessary. Oblige me by having that sentry posted at once. Good morning, sir."

But to Canker's dismay the officer of the guard made prompt report. The sentry was sent, but the sergeant's tent was empty. The colonel's pet had flown. This meant more trouble for the colonel. Meantime Stanley Armstrong had hied him to Gen. Drayton's headquarters. The office tents were well filled with clerks, orderlies, aides and other officers who had come in on business, but the meeting was by appointment, and after brief delay the camp commander excused himself to those present and ushered Armstrong into his own private tent, the scene of the merry festivities the evening of Mrs. Garrison's unexpected arrival. There the general turned quickly on his visitor with the low-toned question:

"Well—what have you found?"

"Enough to give me strong reason for believing that Morton, so-called, is young Prime, and that your nephew is with him, sir."

The old soldier's sad eyes lighted with sudden hope. Yet as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead, the look of doubt and uncertainty slowly returned. "It accounts for the letters reaching me here," he said, "but—I've known that boy from babyhood, Armstrong, and a more intense nature I have never heard of. What he starts in to do he will carry out if it kills him." And Drayton looked drearily about the tent as though in search of something he

didn't quite know what. Then he settled back slowly into his favorite old chair. "Do sit down, Armstrong. I want to speak with you a moment." Yet it was the colonel who was the first to break the silence.

"May I ask if you have had time to look at any of the letters, sir?"

"Do I look as though I had time to do anything?" said the colonel, dropping his hands and uplifting a lined and haggard face, yet so refined. "Anything but work, work, morn, noon and night. The mass of detail one has to meet here is something appalling. It weighs on me like a nightmare, Armstrong. No I was worn out the night after the package reached me. When next I sought it the letters were gone."

"How long was that, general?"

Again the weary hands, with their long, tapering fingers, came up to the old soldier's brow. He pondered a moment. "It must have been the next afternoon, I think, but I can't be sure."

"And you had left them—?"

"In the inside pocket of that old overcoat of mine, hanging there on the rear tent pole," was the answer, as the general turned half round in his chair and glanced wistfully, self-reproachfully thither.

Armstrong arose and, going to the back of the tent, made close examination. The canvas home of the chief was what is known as the hospital tent, but instead of being pitched with the ordinary ridge pole and upright, a substantial wooden frame and floor had first been built and over this the stout canvas was stretched, stanch and taut as the head of a drum. It was all intact and sound. Whoever fished that packet made way with it through the front, and that, as Armstrong well knew, was kept tightly laced, as a rule, from the time the general left it in the morning until his return. It was never unlaced except in his presence or by his order. Then the deft hands of the orderlies on duty would do the trick in a twinkling. Knowing all this, the colonel queried further:

"You went in town, as I remember late that evening and called on the Primes and other people at the Palace I think I saw you in the supper room. There was much merriment at your table. Mrs. Garrison seemed to be the life of the party. Now, you left your overcoat with the boy at the cloak stand?"

"No, Armstrong, that's the odd part of it. I only used the cape that evening. The coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a mass of new orders and papers. No! But here, I must get back to the office, and what I wished you to see was that poor boy's letter. What can you hope with a nature like that to deal with?"

[To Be Continued.]

KILLED HIS MAN.

But First He Retreated as Far as Possible, Then Pulled His Derringer and Fired.

"A story I read the other day," said A. G. Hepworth, of Atlanta, "strongly reminds me of one that I heard of a Mobile lawyer. This lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter, was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill-feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed vengeance. 'In pursuance of that same,' in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation. The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but, getting out of his chair began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreating, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures. The lawyer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up, saying: 'Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that, on account of this wall, I have retreated as far as possible' (the general law of homicide), drew a derringer and shot his opponent. At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer having retreated as far as possible."—N. Y. Tribune.

This Bird Was a Critic.

A Scotch gentleman owns a clever, parrot who picks up many of the remarks it hears, and at times retails them at most opportune moments. A favorite exclamation of the Scotchman when his wife complains of any little ailment is: "Great Scott! what's wrong wid ye?" Just lately he sat strumming on the piano with one finger, and endeavoring to sing the air of a new song belonging to his wife. Having little or no ear for music, the effect was decidedly inharmonious. On his performance coming to an end, the parrot, who had evidently listened in disapproving silence, ejaculated: "Great Scott! what's wrong wid ye?"—London Answers.

The Point of View.

"Magnificence" may signify one thing to one person and quite another thing to another person. It is related that a gentleman went to a dentist and asked him to "take a look at his teeth." The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

"What do you think of them?" asked the patient.

"Magnificent! magnificent!" was all the dentist could say.

"Then you don't find anything to do to them?"

"To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!"—Youth's Companion.

Nothing New.

Biggs—That's a funny idea the ladies have of wearing their watches in their gloves.

Boggs—Oh, I don't know. They have worn clocks on their stockings for years.—N. Y. Journal.

That Tired Feeling

Just as surely indicates that the blood is lacking in vitality and the elements of health as does the most obstinate humor that the vital fluid is full of impurities. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling by enriching and vitalizing the blood, creating a good appetite and invigorating every organ of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I had that tired feeling all the time. Was as tired in the morning when I rose as I was when I went to bed. I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel like a new man. I could work hard and not feel tired. I recommend Hood's to all who need a good medicine." A. P. CHARTER, Creston, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all drug lists. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

WAITED FOR ONE CENT.

Embarrassment of an Absent-Minded Purchaser at a Ninety-Nine Cent Store.

"I never felt so cheap in all my life," said Short, relates the Pittsburgh News. "As I did one day in a department store. I bought a book for 99 cents and while I was waiting for it a young woman, whose good opinion I valued, came up and we began to talk. The book was wrapped up and handed me by the girl at the counter and after a short while the young woman asked: 'Are you waiting for your change?' 'I replied that I was, but, in fact, I hadn't been thinking of it. I wanted to talk to her and made that an excuse for staying. After the usual delay, when it had passed entirely out of my mind, the girl at the book counter stepped up and said: 'Here's your change, sir.' 'And she held a bright new cent in her open hand so that the other girl saw it. I felt a chill at once and just because it appeared to the young woman that I had been waiting all that time for a cent. I got a reputation for 'clandestine' that is still sticking to me.'"

THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Great Train Service.

"The Burlington Northern Pacific Express," from St. Louis in the morning, from Kansas City in the afternoon, for Northwest Nebraska, Black Hills, Montana, Washington, Tacoma, Seattle, Puget Sound and Portland, Oregon, via Billings, Montana—the short line and time-saver to the Upper Northwest.

To the Puget Sound in 70 hours from Kansas City; 77 hours from St. Louis, after April 29th, 1900.

This is the climax in the development of the Louisiana Purchase.

Through Coaches, Chair Cars (seats free), Standard and Tourist Sleepers and Dining Cars. This is the main traveled route from the Southwest to the Northwest.

Number 5, "Nebraska Colorado Express" mid-day train from St. Louis; late night train from Kansas City, for Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast—one night to Denver.

Please write for printed and illustrated matter.

L. W. WAKELRY, General Passenger Agent, HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

Wrong Impression.

He—Am I right in presuming to think you care for me?
She—No, you are left.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gained 45 Pounds

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption."

"Had continual headaches, backache and falling of uterus, and my eyes were affected."

"Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight from 95 pounds to 140; everyone asks what makes me so stout."—MRS. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hill-ton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham has fifty thousand such letters from grateful women.

Save the Labels

and write for list of premiums we offer free for them.

HIRES

Rootbeer

The favorite summer drink



DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives relief from dropsy, quick relief and cures worst cases. Write for testimonials and 10 days' trial free. DR. H. W. CROOK'S DROPSY CURE is a genuine medicine.

LIKE THE REST OF US.

Before Marriage Everything Is Sweet and Lovely, After We Get Down to Earth Again.

"George, dear," she said, a night or two before the wedding, according to Tit-Bits, "do you think it possible that our love and our married life can become the common place, coldly practical love and life of the married people we see around us? Oh, George, my heart would break if I thought so."

"But it will not be so," said George, passionately. "We love each other too tenderly, too fondly for that. Our love is not of the ordinary kind, my darling, and our lives will not be so. Ah, no, my angel; that can never be."

And the other day she said: "I say, George, how would you like pork for dinner with apple sauce? You would? All right, then; and don't you forget that feeding bottle for the baby, or I'll send you back after it, and mind that you don't keep dinner waiting."

And he, with a falling off of the passion of ten years ago, replied: "All right, Lou, and I wish you'd see a button on the back part of those striped trousers of mine; you'll find them hanging over a chair in our room. Don't have the pork as dry as last time, and you watch the baby's cold. That watering-pot that looks like measles to me. There's my bus. Good-by!"

THE POET'S GRIEVANCE.

His Lines Were Badly Treated by the Printer and He Was Justly Indignant.

The editor was sitting in his office one day when a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, buried his umbrella on the floor and sat down, says Collier's Weekly.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Can you read writing?"

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"That's not a B—it's an S," said the man. "—Oh, yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'S' for 'Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners.'"

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. Called to see you about that poem I gave you printed the other day on the 'Surge of Sorrow.'"

"Don't remember it."

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper underneath the infamous title of 'Smeared to Morrow.'"

The editor fled.

British Aristocracy Blamed.

Many people attribute the recent reverses of the British to the degeneracy of the aristocracy. The life of luxury certainly does not produce vigor. Indigestible suppers, late hours, constant nerve strain and lack of exercise upset the stomach and weaken both physical and mental vitality. The blood that makes men heroes must come from active, healthy stomachs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters purifies the blood and strengthens the stomach. It cures constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Much Like Demosthenes.

"Woman," he said, "really ought to be a better orator than man."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because," he replied, "to a certain extent at least she follows the methods of that famed orator, Demosthenes."

"In what way?" she inquired, still busy with the finishing touches of her toilet.

"You remember," he answered, "that Demosthenes used to practice talking with his mouth full of pebbles."

She hastily took the pins out of her mouth and informed him that he was a mean old thing anyway.—Chicago Post.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Proper Response.

Mamma—Why did you let him kiss you? Daughter—Well, he was so nice; he asked me.

"But haven't I told you you must 'earn to say No'?"

"That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me."—Philadelphia Press.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the hot, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

If you want to be content and prosperous, sell ice in summer, coal in winter, seeds in spring, and loaf in the fall.—Aitchison Globe.

The Makers of Carter's Ink Say:

"We can't make any better ink than we do, we don't know how to. We can make poorer ink, but we won't." Carter's Ink is the best.

"Now that Belle has secured her divorce, I suppose she is happy." "No, she isn't. She is married again."—Philadelphia North American.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people have faith in odd numbers—and the favorite is number one.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It isn't fair to measure other people in your half bushel, but you probably do it.—Aitchison Globe.

Each package of PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYES colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

Don't hang on to the men who are above you, then you won't get dropped.—Chicago Democrat.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pipe's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

At the age of 21 a man has more ideals than ideas.—Chicago Daily News.

Do not fail to read the advertisement of Teethina in this paper.

One way to obtain credit is by not needing it.—Philadelphia Record.

GEN. ROBERTS MOVED.

The War Office Receives a Dispatch From Him Dated Brandfort.

The Boers Have Heavily Fortified the Hills Facing the British in Front of Elandsburg—The British Shelling the Hills.

London, May 5.—The war office has issued the following from Lord Roberts, dated Brandfort, Friday, May 4: "The mounted infantry have gone on to the Vet river. The rest of the force will march there to-morrow. The railway has been repaired to Brandfort."

"Hunter reports very satisfactory news—that the passage of the Vaal has been carried at Windsorton without opposition."

From this dispatch it is seen that the mounted infantry with Lord Roberts, among which are the Canadians, have picketed their horses on the south bank of the Vet river, 18 miles north of Brandfort. The head of Lord Roberts' columns has thus advanced 32 miles from Kamee Siding in two days, or 33 miles north of Bloemfontein. Lord Roberts is in Brandfort.

Little power was spent. The British work was hard marching, the Boers retiring out of the reach of the British shells. The correspondents supplement Lord Roberts' plain statements with a few details. As Gen. Hutton, with the first mounted infantry brigade, drew near Brandfort he saw a khaki-clad body of troops ahead of him. He was surprised, but thought they must be British. Soon, however, they opened fire upon the British, who replied heavily. They were the Irish-American brigade from Lorenzo Marques, and it is reported that the Irish lost severely.

The Boer flag was flying on Brandfort as the British entered the town. Several British wounded were found in the hospital. The Boer postmaster gave up the keys of the public buildings to Capt. Ross.

Lord Kitchener arrived at Brandfort at noon, and Lord Roberts at dusk.

Gen. French's cavalry is sweeping the country northward. The expectation is that the infantry advance will be continued toward Kroonstad immediately.

Although no prisoners were taken, and although no hot pursuit was attempted, the news greatly cheers London. Nevertheless it has not been received with the same rapture that attended the first successes of Lord Roberts.

Gen. Hunter's crossing the Vaal at Windsorton brings the relief of Mafeking, 195 miles beyond, almost within a calculable interval. It is now regarded as quite possible that Mafeking may be succeeded before the anniversary of the queen's birthday.

Wepener is to be garrisoned with a strong force from Gen. Chermide's division, commanded by Lord Castle-town.

Ladysmith, May 4.—The Boers have shifted their guns on the range of hills facing the British in front of Elandsburg, and have posted a Long Tom on a hill in the direction of Wesselsnek.

London, May 5.—News of the occupation of Brandfort was issued by the war office at 10 o'clock Friday morning, confirming a dispatch previously sent out. It is generally considered the most important communication received from the front since the capture of Gen. Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith. The fact that the position gives the key to one of the main roads leading to the Drakensberg passes, which possibly may be the means of co-operation with Gen. Buller later on, provides an advance base of supplies, etc., and at the same time menaces the Boers now southeast of Bloemfontein, is obviously the reason for the importance attached by all hands to the intelligence.

Appealed for Protection.

Atlanta, Ga., May 5.—Mayor Williams, of Andersonville, Ga., the little town which gained world-wide notoriety during the civil war as the location of the great military prison, has appealed to Gov. Candler for protection against the lawless acts usually committed by the Negroes who visit the Andersonville federal cemetery on Decoration day. The mayor requests that a company of militia be sent on May 30, Decoration day, in order that riot may be prevented and a stop put to the usual loss of life.

Plague Wiped Out.

San Francisco, May 5.—When the last steamer left Honolulu on April 27 the board of health had decided that if no further outbreak of plague occurred in Honolulu before April 30, all quarantine would be raised on the morning of that date. It had been 13 days since the last case, or rather since the death of the last case. The routine of lifting the quarantine will be simple. It will be merely withdrawal of restrictions to shipping and travel.

Voted for Good Roads.

Laporte, Ind., May 3.—The voters of Michigan, Springfield and Cool Spring townships, this county, have approved the project to expend \$70,000 in the building of gravel roads, and the construction of the new roadways will be begun at once.

Big Gold Shipment.

New York, May 3.—The steamer Bretagne, sailing for France on Thursday, will carry \$500,000 gold shipped by the National City bank. There is talk of \$2,500,000 more being shipped.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 13, 1900—Jesus at the Pharisee's House.

(Prepared by H. C. Lenington.)

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 7:36-50.)

36. And one of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him. And He went down to the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment.

38. And stood at His feet behind Him weeping and began to wash His feet with tears and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

39. Now when the Pharisee which had bidden Him saw it, he spake within himself, saying: This Man, if He were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him; for she is a sinner.

40. And Jesus answering said unto him: Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith: Master, say on.

41. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed 500 pence, and the other 60.

42. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?

43. Simon answered and said: I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him: Thou hast rightly judged.

44. And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon: Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48. And He said unto her: Thy sins are forgiven.

49. And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves: Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

50. And He said to the woman: Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy faith hath saved thee.—Luke 7:50.

Jesus at Pharisee's House.—It was against the Pharisees that Jesus hurled His bitterest denunciations. As a class they stood for strict and punctilious observance of the Mosaic law. But this observance had become largely outward and formal. Christ called them hypocrites. But the love of the Master was for the whole world just as He found it, and however bitter His public denunciations seemed, He was always kindly and courteous in bearing. We have no reason to believe the Pharisee of the lesson other than one of that type often denounced by Jesus. His attitude toward the woman with the alabaster box of ointment shows that his religion had but little affected his heart and life. It was with this kind of a man that Jesus went to dinner. Surely He is no respecter of persons!

Woman with Box of Ointment.—The name of this woman is not given, but we have in the text enough to tell us considerable concerning her character. What the Pharisee said within himself shows us that she was outwardly bad, an outcast and disreputable sinner. But, evidently, the Pharisee did not see in the woman what Jesus saw. The picture of this sinful woman attracted to Jesus, and weeping as she breaks on His feet a box of precious ointment indicates a soft spot in her heart and something within her to which the divine could appeal.

Parable of the Debtors.—Jesus perceived what was going on in the mind of the Pharisee. So He spoke the parable of the debtors. One of the debtors owed just ten times the amount which the other owed. That the one to whom most was forgiven should love most is perhaps the general rule. There are exceptions. Ingratitude is a burning sin, and it so happens sometimes that one to whom little is forgiven should love more than the one to whom much has been forgiven. But the general rule is probably otherwise.

Application of Parable.—However all this may be, the application of the parable is clear and pointed. The Pharisee may have been as great a sinner as the woman. Outward and seeming righteousness avails a man or woman little. Sin is sin, and poison in small doses will eventually kill as well as one greater dose. The Pharisee was a sinner as well as the woman. The degree of sinfulness is of little consequence. The point is that the Pharisee did not view the matter in this light. The woman he knew was a great sinner, and he could not himself but admit that he was gravely at fault when Jesus pointed out his discourtesy and lack of respect in failing to give his guest a friendly kiss and to provide water for that guest's dusty feet.

The woman knew that she had much to be forgiven, and in the faith that the Master would forgive all her sin she loved Him much. The Pharisee in his self-righteousness thought he had little to be forgiven, consequently he could not be forgiven, and his love was correspondingly small.

In connection with the parable it is interesting to note however a courtesy or lack of respect for another reveals the barrenness of one's character.

Troubles.

The troubles under which we struggle are oftentimes only a refining process through which we are made more valuable to God.—Rev. Dr. Landrum.

Christlike Character.

The Bible exhorts us to that patient continuance in well-doing that is necessary to the building of Christlike character.—Rev. John R. Shannon.

Practical Christian Religion.

Practical Christian religion means gold to the poor, sympathy for the sufferer. It means a splendid philanthropy.—Rev. Dr. Northrop.

DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Peruna is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy—I am as Well as Ever."



Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, of the Famous Ohio Family.

Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy." Very respectfully, Dan. A. Grosvenor.

Hal P. Denton, Chief National Export Exposition, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was completely run down from overwork and the responsibility naturally connected with the exploitation of a great international exposition. My physician recommended an extended vacation. When life seemed almost a burden I began taking Peruna, and with the use of the fifth bottle I found myself in a normal condition. I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain, and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question. Everyone who has tried it has had the same experience as Mrs. D. W. Timberlake, of Lynchburg, Va., who, in a recent letter, made use of the following words: "I always take a dose of Peruna after business hours, as it is a great thing for the nerves. There is no better spring tonic, and I have used about all of them."

For a free book on "Summer Catarrh," address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them.—If not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and size.

Extra for each kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Car. free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

"Capt. Cromwell, Landlord of the Broadway Hotel, Cincinnati, O., wrote, Nov. 17, 1853,

Palmer's Lotion

has cured me of TETTER, of thirty years standing."

Lotion Soap

Prevents and assists in curing all such afflictions. At Druggists only.

Stumped the School Visitor.

A visitor at a Columbia, Mo., school the other day asked one of the lower grade class this question: "What is the axis of the earth?"

"An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil.

"Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir," "Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?"

"An imaginary bonnet, sir." The visitor asked 63 more questions.—Chicago Chronicle.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, May 4.

CATTLE—Common . . . \$4 40

Select butchers . . . 5 00

CALVES—Extras . . . 7 75

HOGS—Select packers 5 25

Mixed packers . . . 5 10

SHEEP—Choice . . . 4 35

LAMBS—Extra . . . 6 50

FLOUR—Spring pat. . . 3 65

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 74 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 43

OATS—No. 2 . . . 24

RYE—No. 2 . . . 53 1/2

MEAT—Mess . . . 11 00

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TEETHINA

(Teething Powders)

Costs only 25 cents at Druggists.

Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Alays Irritation, Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child, Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of ANY AGE.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

It's so Good He's familiar with it

We mean your railroad agent here—he knows. Ask him the best route to Omaha, Ogden, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, San Francisco, Spokane, Portland, Seattle. Take trains which will reach St. Louis in the evening. Leave 7:30 p. m. Wabash "Cannon Ball"—Omaha 7:55 next morning—twenty-five minutes all you have to wait, when the "Overland Limited" leaves for the West.

You can't get to Omaha much before noon any other way; this route is ten hours quickest, St. Louis to San Francisco.

Agent knows these facts; here's what he'll answer: "Wabash to Omaha and Union Pacific," and that's all you need remember.

A folder—simple, complete—tells all about it; something worth knowing. If you want to reach any western city, you can have full, specific information about your best train and connections, railroad and sleeping car fares, etc., and the rate will be right.

Address C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Agt., St. Louis.

You Can Enjoy Yourself En route to Texas

In going to Texas, via Memphis and the Cotton Belt, you can enjoy a good dinner in the Parlor Cafe Car at a reasonable price, and withdraw to the Gentlemen's Observation Smoking Room to smoke your cigar in an easy chair, with surroundings as pleasant and comforts as great as in your home or your club. Ladies will find their comfort provided for in the Ladies' Lounging Room. It will cost you only 50 cents extra to ride all day in this car (25 cents for a half day).

The Cotton Belt offers you the quickest and shortest route to Texas, without change of cars. Both day and night trains are equipped with comfortable Coaches and Free Reclining Chair Cars; also Parlor Cafe Cars by day and Pullman Sleepers at night.

Write and tell us where you are going, and when you will leave, and we will tell you what your ticket will cost, and what train to take to make the best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

FRED. B. JONES, B. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. C. PEELER, T. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. V. G. ADAMS, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn. F. R. WYATT, T. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio. H. R. SUTTON, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn. E. W. LABAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

ALABASTINE

LABASTINE is the original and only durable wall coating, entirely different from all kalsomines. Put up in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

ADIES naturally prefer ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

LL kalsomines are cheap, temporary preparations made from whitening, chalk, clays, etc., and stuck on walls with decaying animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsomine.

EWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE or "something just as good." He is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE's demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

ENSIELE dealers will not buy a lawsuit. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using infringement. Alabastine Co. own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

HE INTERIOR WALLS of every church and school should be coated only with pure, durable ALABASTINE. It safeguards health. Hundreds of tons used yearly for this work.

N BUYING ALABASTINE, customers should avoid getting cheap kalsomines under different names. Insist on having our goods in packages and properly labeled.

USANCE of wall paper is obviated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale off.

STABLISHED in favor. Show all limitations. Ask paint dealer or druggist for list card. Write us for interesting booklet, free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Use Certain Corn Cure. Price, 15c.

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New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs. Buffet-library-smoking-cars, sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of Pictures and Notes En Route Illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting line. A. H. HANSON, G. P., Chicago.

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If you take up your home in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to required railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or address the Undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc., free of cost. F. PEDLEY, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to D. L. CAVEN, Springfield, Ohio; E. T. HOLMES, Indianapolis, Ind.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS

ROOFING

The best Red Rope Roofing for B. per sq. ft. - 10¢ and nails included. Substitutes for plaster. Sample free. THE FAY MANILA ROPE CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS

Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K. - E

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Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Rakes,

FRESH MEAL
Wholesale and Retail

See Us! See Us! See Us! See Us!
Before You Buy

BEREA - - KENTUCKY



We will get you
anything from Den-
nison's in the short-
est possible time.
At the
Printing-office.

"I like the term 'old maid,'" writes Margaret E. Sangster in the May Ladies Home Journal. "A spinster means any unmarried woman; a girl may be a spinster. An old maid is, well—just that. She may have her little ways, and thankful she may be that no one is privileged to interfere with them. If she keeps house, as many an old maid does in these days of independence, it is very daintily done, with an exquisite finish and neatness surpassed by none of her sisters. Probably the lady has plenty of people to stay with her—nieces to chaperon nephews, to champion invalid relations, to coddle—alors of people to counsel and comfort. In society she is simply invaluable. As an unattached person who at an emergency may be called upon in the family by any one in need, brother or sister, father or mother, to take the helm, she is simply worth her weight in gold.

"Here's the thrums" said an old woman who was laboriously spinning at a loom in her little cottage, with a proper scorn, "that Jeems Barrie wrote so muckle about, ye ken," writes Mary B. Mullett of "The Real Thrums of Barrie," in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "The thrums are the loose ends left after cutting the finished web out of the loom, and the old woman looked at in with secret scorn and pity when we gave her a sixpence for a handful of them. They are of no use whatever, and we were given to understand that it is a village grievance against Barrie that he should have called it after something which is 'o' nea manner o' use to onybody.' We went about to all these places, and everywhere the people welcomed us and—wondered at us. Their attitude toward Barrie is a queer mingling of respect and resentment, with more wonderment than either. A few of the people think that he has ridiculed Kirriemuir. But most of them agree that the books which have won the hearts of thousands and have brought a for-

tune to their writer are 'havers an' nonsense,' as one man I talked with put it. But Kirriemuir can't get over that Fortune. It is spoken of with big eyes, and the people look curiously at the 'wee black mon' who has made a fortune 'wi' just writin' havers an' nonsense.'"

The Counties.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl.

Mrs. Lucy Rose was the guest of Mrs. Cynthia Bicknell Sunday.

Mrs. Lillian Bicknell has just recovered from a very severe spell of grip.

Mrs. Cynthia Bicknell has been very ill but is now some better.

Daniel Gentry is very poorly with grip.

John Bicknell is slowly recovering from an injury caused by a wagon.

Lee Senters has bought a cow.

Gentry Lakes and Miss Etta Fowler were married last Friday.

Martin Coil is fencing his whole farm this Spring.

Mrs. Ann Richardson and two daughters have broken up house keeping and gone to live with her sons-in-law, Geo. Wilson and Roly Witt, of Station Camp.

Many a fair young child, whose pallor has puzzled the mother, until she has suspected rightly her darling was troubled with worms, has regained the rosy hue of health with a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge. Price, 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Madison County.

Peytontown.

Rev. Miller has been called to the pastorate of the Davistown church, Garrard county.

Mrs. Rhodes Denny, of Kirksville, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charley Miller, Sunday of last week.

Rev. R. H. Mundy, of Berea, held services here last Saturday and Sunday, with large audiences.

J. C. Burnam, now of Berea, was here week ago last Sunday.

Perry Mundy is down on Jolly Ridge house painting.

Geo. White, Jr., of Berea, is clerking in the store of Mundy & Rice.

Edward Jenkins and Geo. Miller have just returned from Lynn, where they have been on business for several days.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment as a curative and healing application for Piles, Pissures, blind and bleeding, external or internal, and Itching and Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate and cure infallible. Price, 50 cts. in bottle, tube 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Jackson County.

Green Hall.

Mrs. Flennell visited her sister Mrs. Mudman Sunday.

James Peters and wife are all smiles over the arrival of a fine girl. Circuit Court will begin at McKee next Monday.

Miss Belle Flannery visited her brother Willie Flannery Sunday night.

Mrs. W. T. Eager, of Beattyville, has been visiting her son, Price Eager, of this place.

There is lots of sickness here now but it is mostly Lagrippe.

Mrs. William Robertson died of consumption Sunday, April 29th.

There will be preaching at Rock Spring May 12th. A large crowd is expected as it is communion meeting.

There was preaching at Hickory Flat last Sunday and quite a crowd was present.

Miss Matilda Minter, of Travelers Rest, was the guest of your correspondent Saturday night and Sunday.

Elias Flannery, of Maulden, has gone to Frankfort as a witness in the Goebel killing.

Some our boys and girls who have been attending the London School, are expected home in a few days to attend the examination.

A row occurred Sunday evening between some Brandenburg boys and James Whicker which resulted in Whicker getting shot through the thigh and hit in the head twice with rocks but his wounds are not thought to be serious.

In constipation Herbine affords a natural, healthful remedy, acting promptly. A few small doses will usually be found to so regulate the excretory functions that they are able to operate without any aid whatever. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Owsley County.

Gabbard.

A. C. Gabbard, of Booneville, was here last week looking after the interest of his farm.

Walter Reynolds visited friends and relatives here last Saturday and Sunday.

John Gilbert, of South Fork, was here Saturday.

Miss Jennie Gabbard visited her sister, Mattie, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mattie Reynolds paid us a short visit last week.

There is a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood.

A. J. Barker is clerking in the store of Alfred Eversole, his brother-in-law.

Dr. Anderson has been called several times to see J. K. Gabbard and family, all being very low with an attack of la grippe.

Alfred Eversole, a promising young merchant of Cow Creek, returned home Saturday from Louisville, where he had been to purchase a new supply of goods.

The forest fires are almost master of the woods now.

Some of the boys of this place report having caught some very fine fish last Saturday in the river.

Dr. Anderson, of Booneville, Misses Dora Moore, Debora Cole, and Mari-deth Gabbard, of this place, were the guests of Miss Amanda and Edward Eversole, last Saturday and Sunday.

J. B. Lewis, of Turkey Creek, preached at the Eversole school-house on Cow Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Henderson Reynolds has moved from Jackson county back to his old place on Cow Creek.

Albert Gabbard, who is nursing P. B. Moore, of South Booneville, paid his home a visit last Saturday and Sunday week, accompanied by little Sherdian Seale. They returned Monday.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Responsibility.

Responsibility drives a man to toil and brings out his best gifts. Johnson wrote his immortal "Rasselas" to raise money to buy his mother a coffin. Hunger and pain drove Lee to the invention of his loom.

Left a widow with family to support in mid-life, Mrs. Trollope took to authorship and wrote a score of volumes.

The most piteous tragedy in English literature is that of Coleridge. Woodworth called him the most myriad-minded man since Shakespeare, and Lamb thought him "an archangel slightly damaged."

The generosity of his friends gave Coleridge a home and all its comforts without the necessity of toil. But ease and lack of responsibility, with opium, wrecked him. Hunger and want would have made him more famous, and enriched all English literature.

It is responsibility that teaches caution, forethought, prudence, courage, and slowly, but surely, turns feeblings into giants.

Economy.

Economy is not stinginess; economy is not even self-denial; it is simply making the most of what you have.

When I was a girl, an old lady in whose house I was visiting told me to put aside a plain, old, broken brass match-box, as she would send it to be mended. I could not resist a meddling remonstrance.

"What could you do with that in this beautiful house?"

"I will give it to Miss Reilly (who washed), she will think it pretty." Now I would have been too stingy to spend money in saving a mere trifling ornament for another person, but I took the lesson to heart, and have tried to live up to it.

Economize in order to give; economize, and you will have something to give. Is not giving one of the arts of civilization?

Things a Mother Should Not Do.

She should not forget that if she treats her boy as a gentleman, she will do much towards making him a gentleman.

She should not treat her boy to perpetual frowns, scolding, and faultfindings. "Sugar attracts more flies than vinegar." Love wins her boy to a noble manhood.

She should never be so busy or hard pressed for time that she cannot listen to him. If he lives to be a man he will all too soon leave her. She should make the most of him while she has him.

She should encourage outdoor exercise or sport, and she should not forget to train him with proper regard for his personal appearance.

She should never allow him to form such habits as coming to table in his shirt sleeves, neglecting his nails or teeth, or carrying soil handkerchiefs about with him.

She should never nag him, or forget that he is a creature of reason, not an animal that requires to be driven.

She should not try to break her boy's will, but be thankful that he is manly enough to have a will of his own, and devote herself to training it to the noblest uses.

She should not fail to instill in him a distaste for all that is vulgar.

THE SCHOOL.

A Story.

We begin to-day a continued story that was written in five chapters by five different members of Little Dulce Society.

It was almost dusk as the new teacher gathered up her books, put on her hat and locked the door of the schoolhouse.

As we look we see a young girl of medium height and good figure.

She has an abundance of dark brown hair and her eyes are so full of expression that you scarcely see they are dark blue. She is not "pretty" in the ordinary use of the term, yet her personality is so interesting that having seen her once we want to see her again.

It has been a hot and dreary day, she is tired. She has been teaching just a week and as she looks back upon it, it seems to her the hardest week of her life.

This was Miss Julia Hazleton's first experience in teaching a country school. She had taught three months as assistant in a well regulated city school, and found this very different, though now she did not have many of the hardships of an average position in our graded schools. The school was in the well-populated village of Linwood. The school house had been built only the year before and had plenty of good seats and blackboards. She received a fair salary and the pupils were, in the main—pleasant and respectful. But Miss Hazleton at the present time was not thinking of the advantages she had, although she had thought of them when applying for the school. She wished herself back again in the dear old home in Indiana, Nebraska seemed altogether too far west. At the thought of home a great lump rose in her throat for she thought also of the dear mother who had died a year before, and even when she went back at the end of her school, home couldn't be the same again. Her father was in poor health and the three brothers and sisters must be cared for and sent to school and Julia, the eldest, being able to teach must earn and save for the dear ones, she must be brave! She thought of all this and more as she walked from the school to the home of the Edworths, where she boarded.

This family had lived in Linwood but three years. They had left the city that their children might have more of the wholesome life of the country and yet go to a good school.

The family consisted of the father and mother, a son William, the oldest, and two young children, Harold and Lucy who were pupils of Miss Hazleton's. Lucy the younger was a shy, pretty child, with rich, dark hair, a fine complexion and large, serious eyes. William was away at college, so Miss Hazleton had been told. She wondered why the family so seldom spoke of him. Lucy had alluded to him once at table and received a stern frown from her father. Miss Hazleton also noticed that the mother was often sad and thoughtful and she had wondered if anything was wrong, but of course she asked no questions.

Mrs. Edworth was not like many women of the village. She did not gossip about other people's affairs, nor did she discuss this one. This was a relief to Miss Hazleton for she disliked above anything else, the atmosphere of gossip.

Several weeks later as Miss Hazleton was going to her room after her day's work was over, Lucy came running to her and said, "O, Miss Julia, mamma has got a letter from William and she wants to see you, if you will come, and she is crying." Miss Hazleton followed Lucy into the sitting room where Mrs. Edworth sat on the sofa with a letter in her hand and tears in her eyes.

(Continued next week.)

THE FARM.

THE COW.

A Class Essay at Berea College by EDWARD P. DUNCAN.

(Continued from last week.)

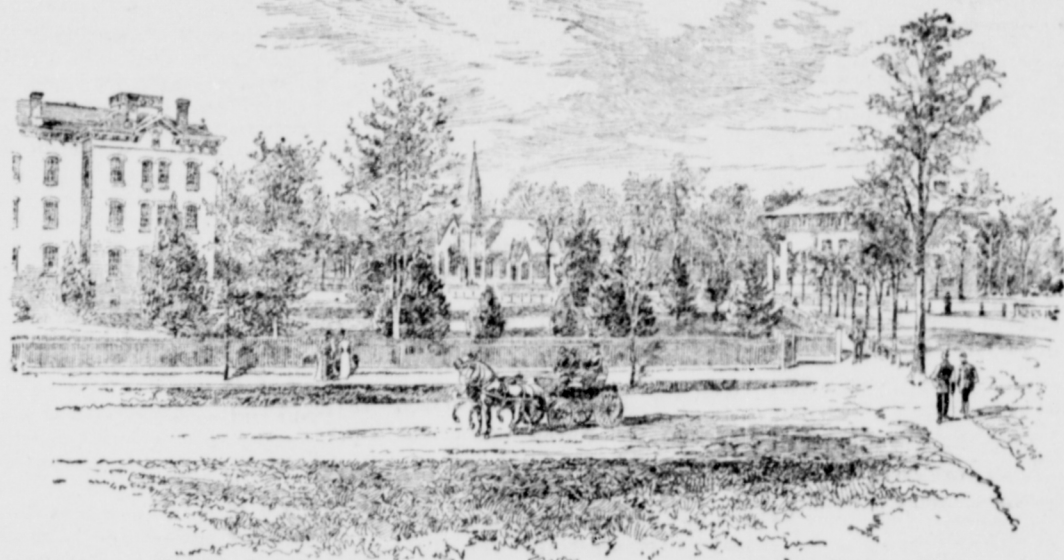
Buying the Cow.

Upon deciding to buy and keep a cow three things should always be taken into consideration; the cow, the owner, and the food, and without all of these in the right condition and place the keeping of the cow will be unprofitable. In buying a cow designed for the production of milk or butter, it is not necessary to find a high priced thoroughbred with a pedigree extending back three or four generations, but it is essential to get a well bred and well selected cow. Get a thoroughbred if you can reasonably, if not get a high grade. Examine the cow's pedigree with reference to butter and milk production of dams and grand-dams, being sure you can believe all the statements of the owner. It is not advisable, where only one cow is kept, to select a double purpose animal. Butter and beef production is combined in some animals to a fair degree, but not to a profitable degree, when the calf is disposed of before it is six weeks old. All good dairy animals have in common certain distinguishing characteristics, and to be successful one must take these into consideration. Select an animal whose form is in shape of a wedge when viewed from either side, top or front. She should have hair fine and soft; skin mellow, loose, and not too thick; with strong and active constitution, but with no "beefy" characteristics. Look well, and get a deep low chest; a well-sprung, long and broad rib, and a large stomach. See that the udder is long, extending high and full in front and behind. The udder should be capacious, flexible, and with a pliable skin covered with fine hair.

The Best Calving Time.

It is best to have a cow calve in autumn. September is the best month of the year for a heifer to drop her first calf, and it is an excellent time for any cow to calve. The cow needs the most healthy and nutritious pasturage just after the strain of calving and while coming into full flow. Just when the falling off in milk occurs she is taken to the barn and another falling off may be expected just about the time the pasture of spring comes in, and by having the cow to calve in the Fall the milk flow is held up in the best possible manner and the greatest amount of milk is obtained when butter and milk are high in price. By this method the cow will be dry during midsummer, a time when it is hardest to feed a cow so as to give a good flow of rich milk, and it is the most difficult time of year to handle butter and milk, and one can do without better in July and August than in Spring. July is a good time to "dry off" a cow. Thus, there is a decided advantage in having cows calve in Fall.

(Continued next week.)



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course in the care of the sick.

Berea places the best education in reach of all. It is a money-making institution. Its instruction is a free gift. It aims to help those who value education and help themselves, and charges a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction. Expenses must also pay for their board. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24, about half of which must be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.